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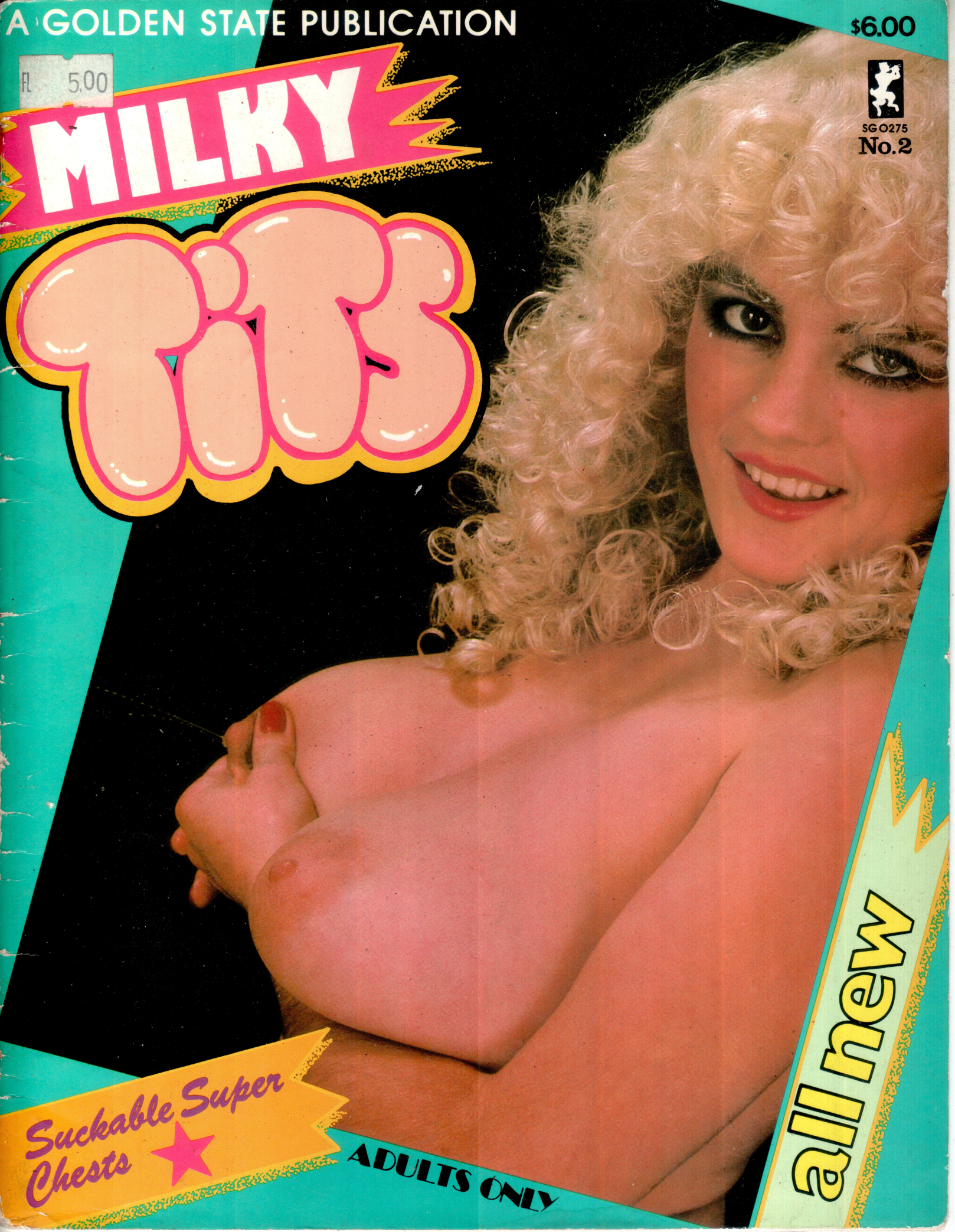

Suckable Super Chests

ADULTS ONLY

all new

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All models are over 18 years of age

Squirt 'Em High!

What's the sense of squirting milk if you don't aim high? Just squeezing your milk-laden boobs and spraying everything in sight is foolish. Why waste all that time and energy when you could be making a name for yourself?

As of right now no one can top my performance! There have been a lot of babes who have tried and they have fallen flat on their faces! They thought they could come along and pull the rug from under me. Little did they know that I practice at least two hours every day. And that includes Saturday and Sunday! I discovered a long time ago that unless you keep improving, someone will soon come along and knock you off the top of the heap.

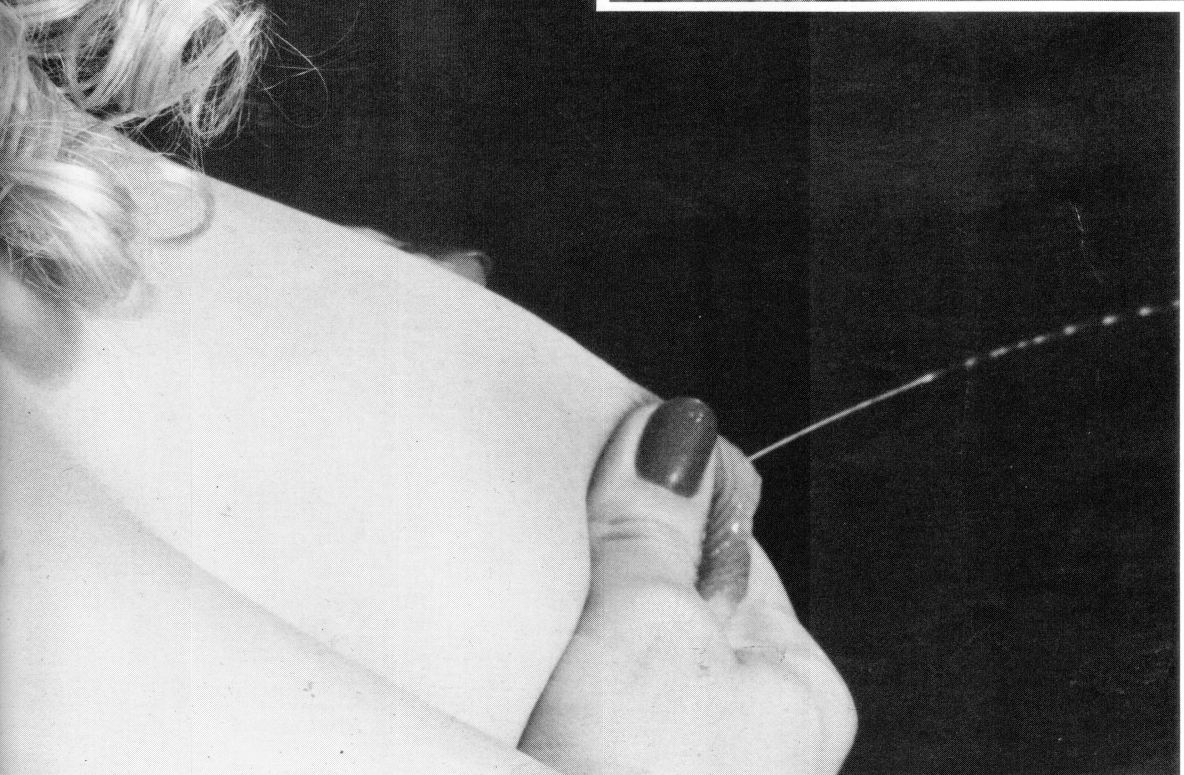
When I discovered that my left breast was more versatile than my right I decided that I was going to learn to switch from one to the other without missing a beat. My hands really became busy. Sometimes I would only use my thumb and forefinger and that would be enough to send a rainbow of milky wonder up in the air, reflecting all the nearby light and creating an astonishing array of color that saturated everything in sight.

No matter how many times I would squeeze there would always be a supply of milk to draw upon. There is no way that I can explain that miracle. Somehow I had to be manufacturing that sticky substance by the gallon and my huge breasts absorbed every drop.

Once I get started it is impossible for me to stop. I can go on squirting for hours at a time. Even if I don't have an audience I will still keep that stream moving. There is something deep inside of me that insists that I put on a show. Maybe I am a big ham and love to get attention but whatever the reason I squirt and send that flash of milk sky high!

"Lick
it
up!"

Several times I have been tempted to give the boys a fantastic demonstration while I was taking a walk or riding a bus. Of course that could start a minor riot and maybe a few accidents so I cool it until the right moment comes along. Sooner or



later I will be in the position to squeeze my gurgling breasts and fill the air with my imprisoned honey.

If a guy knows that I am loaded with milk then he might get the idea that he would like to squeeze my breasts and put on a show of his own. Maybe I will give him a nod and let him take over, it all depends upon the mood I am in at the time.

Usually once a guy gets started he starts inventing all kinds of kinky ideas. Suddenly my erect nipples have to be sucked and chewed. They are already throbbing from

all that milk pushing from the other side and I don't need any more irritation. But how do you say that to a guy whose mouth is on fire and can't stop sucking on those tantalizing tits?

After about ten minutes of that kind of hard action I have to push him away or my breasts will be out of action for the next hour or two. There is no way that I can squirt if my nipples are sore. Either he understands that or he starts looking for another babe with bloated boobs!

Right after some hot breast action I have a new energy circling through the upper half of my body. The quivering milk inside my excited cones can hardly wait to explode on the scene. It would probably leap out into space if I only took a deep breath but, of course, I am going to do a lot more than that. In the back of my mind are all kinds of wild plans and even if half of them get done I will be very busy for the next couple of hours.

Of course I am hot to get fucked at that moment also and I have to decide which direction I am going to take. More than likely, squirting milk will come out on top. I can always get my pussy split wide open by a hot and heavy cockhead but sending a neat spray of sticky liquid high up in the air only happens once in a great while.

And so I get ready to squirt. My breasts automatically stand at attention. They instinctively know that a lot is expected of them very shortly. My fingers gradually close in around the base of my heaving jugs. The wrong pressure at that moment could easily send all my preparations into a deadly tailspin. Sometimes I get so carried away that I forget about doing it by the numbers. All I want is immediate results and that means a spray of my sweet boob beverage covering every available space.

Finally I do settle down, however, and my eager fingers get to work. It is at this point that I usually drift into a convenient fantasy. I imagine myself inside a huge silk tent. Surrounding me is an intent audience. They have all come from miles away and they want to see me perform. Some of the men are stroking their dicks because as soon as I make that first squirt they are going to be on top of me. My pussy will be squealing loud and clear from all that heavy pounding and it won't be easy to continue squirting but I will do it nevertheless.

All those fantasies quickly fade away as soon as real, hard, masculine hands start to work me over. Soon I will even let them squeeze my breasts because at that point I just want to relax and let it all happen.

Again and again I promise myself that I will get some action shots of my super squirts but once I get involved I forget about

the camera equipment I have in the closet. There is no way in the world that I could operate any of that equipment since my hands would be shaking from the excitement and my vision would be slightly blurred.

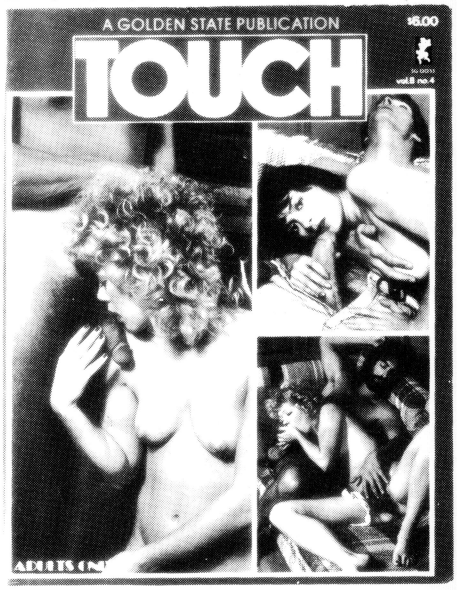
Even so I have plenty of invigorating memories, so much so that I often end up masturbating just thinking about some of those super squirts.

A couple of my girlfriends did get some shots of my performances and every once in awhile I will look them over. It is amazing how much we do in our lives which is unconscious. I don't remember doing half of the complicated stunts I see in those revealing pictures. But there I am acting like an Olympic star. My breasts seem to have a life of their own at times and it doesn't look like I am doing anything but merely standing there and letting it all happen.

At the end of the day my nipples might be sore from all that action but I will feel a surging exhilaration through my body that makes all the pain dissolve away and I will soon be in the mood again to squirt 'em high!

Think you got . . . screwed

because you were out of . . .



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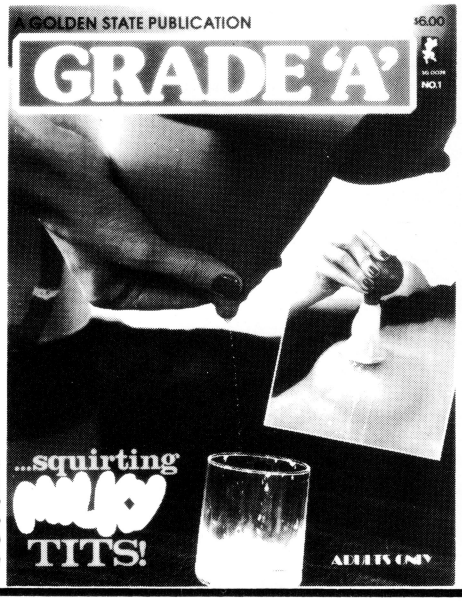

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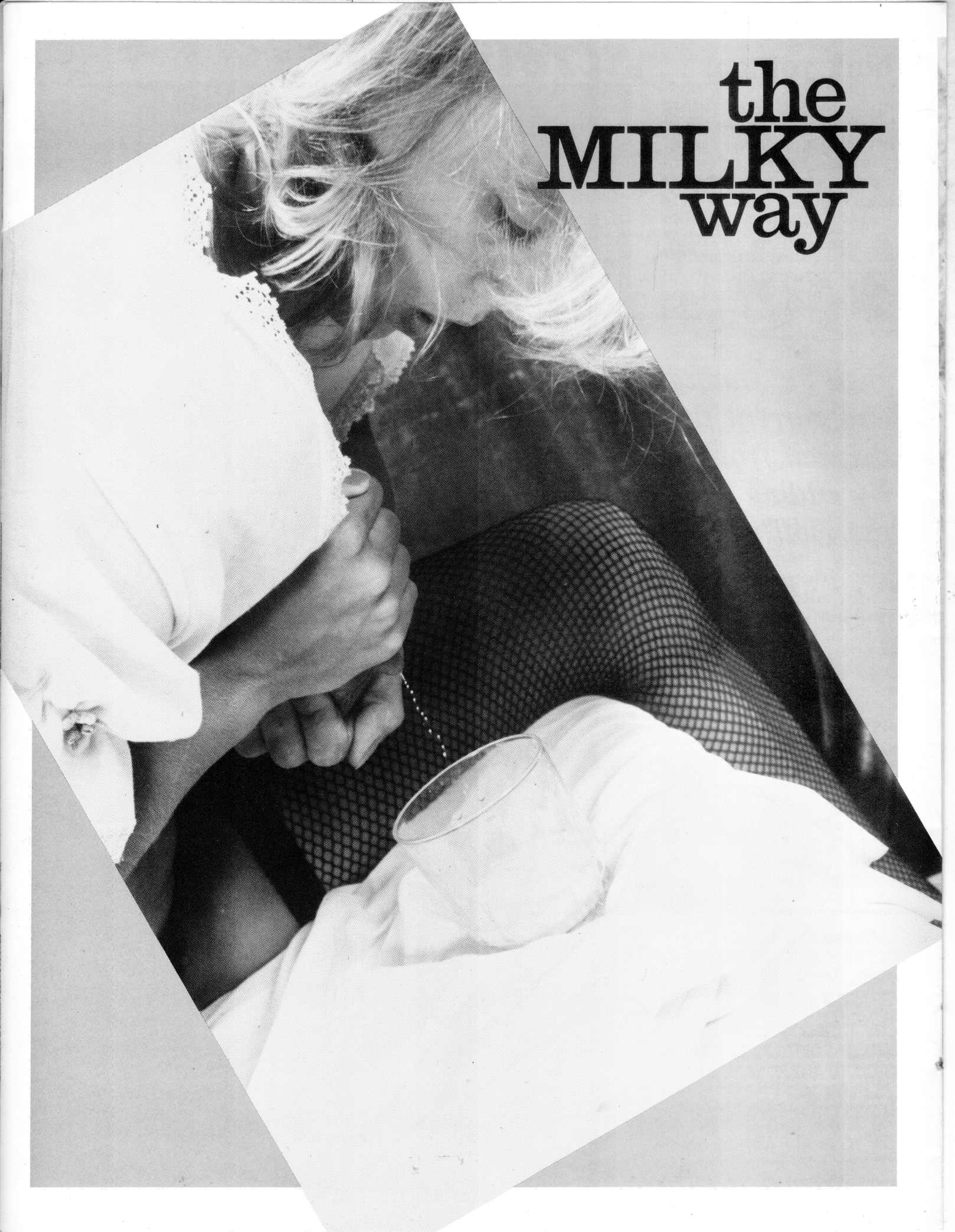

the
MILKY
way

For as long as I can remember I always thought Nanci was a nerd. As far as I was concerned she didn't have any talent whatsoever. She couldn't even fly a kite or build a sand castle on the beach. How was she going to make it through life, I wondered. Unless a wealthy Prince Charming came along and whisked her away from all that mediocrity she was doomed to an existence of dullness and monotony.

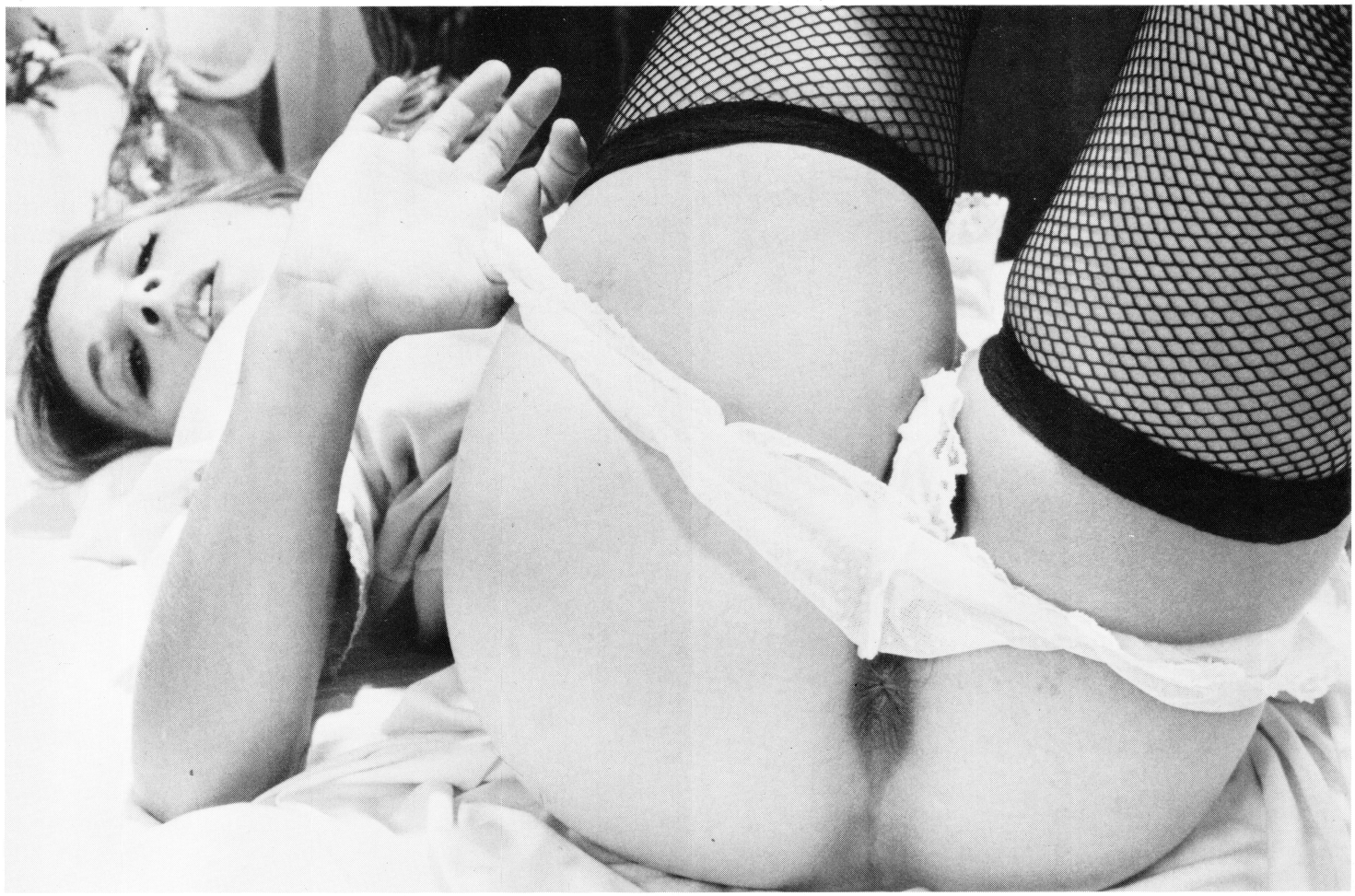
And then practically overnight little, dumb Nanci became a star. At least in my eyes! It all happened during a bon voyage party for Cathy.

Everyone was supposed to do something special so that Cathy would have a lasting memory of this moment on her long trip around the world.

I decided to model my custom-made bikini. Since there would be a lot of hot guys on the premises I figured I might as well show off my foxy body and get a little action when the party was all over.

People I had never seen before started pouring in at the last moment. I didn't know Cathy had that many friends and then someone explained to me that most of them had come to see a special show. I didn't know what they were talking about but I was being groped by a hot dude who sure knew how to open up a girl's moist hole and it was impossible to give my attention elsewhere. Because there was such a crowd I was getting it from all sides. Even my full breasts were being squeezed and mauled and it wouldn't be long before I had one of my super orgasms.

Right before I popped, however, there was an announcement that turned my head around. "May I have your attention, please. We have a celebrity in our midst tonight. Instead of giving you her name I am going to let her introduce herself with a squirt right over your head." I had no idea what this was all about but if everyone was that interested then I had to check it out myself.



Suddenly the lights came on brighter at the other end of the room and I strained to see who was getting all the attention. When little, dumb Nanci came into view I couldn't believe my eyes. What in the world was that little nerd going to do? I thought there was a mistake until this shower of milk practically covered the air overhead. Even though I was still being groped I lost all interest. Dumb little Nanci was putting on a show that was absolutely paralyzing everyone present, except the guys groping me, of course.

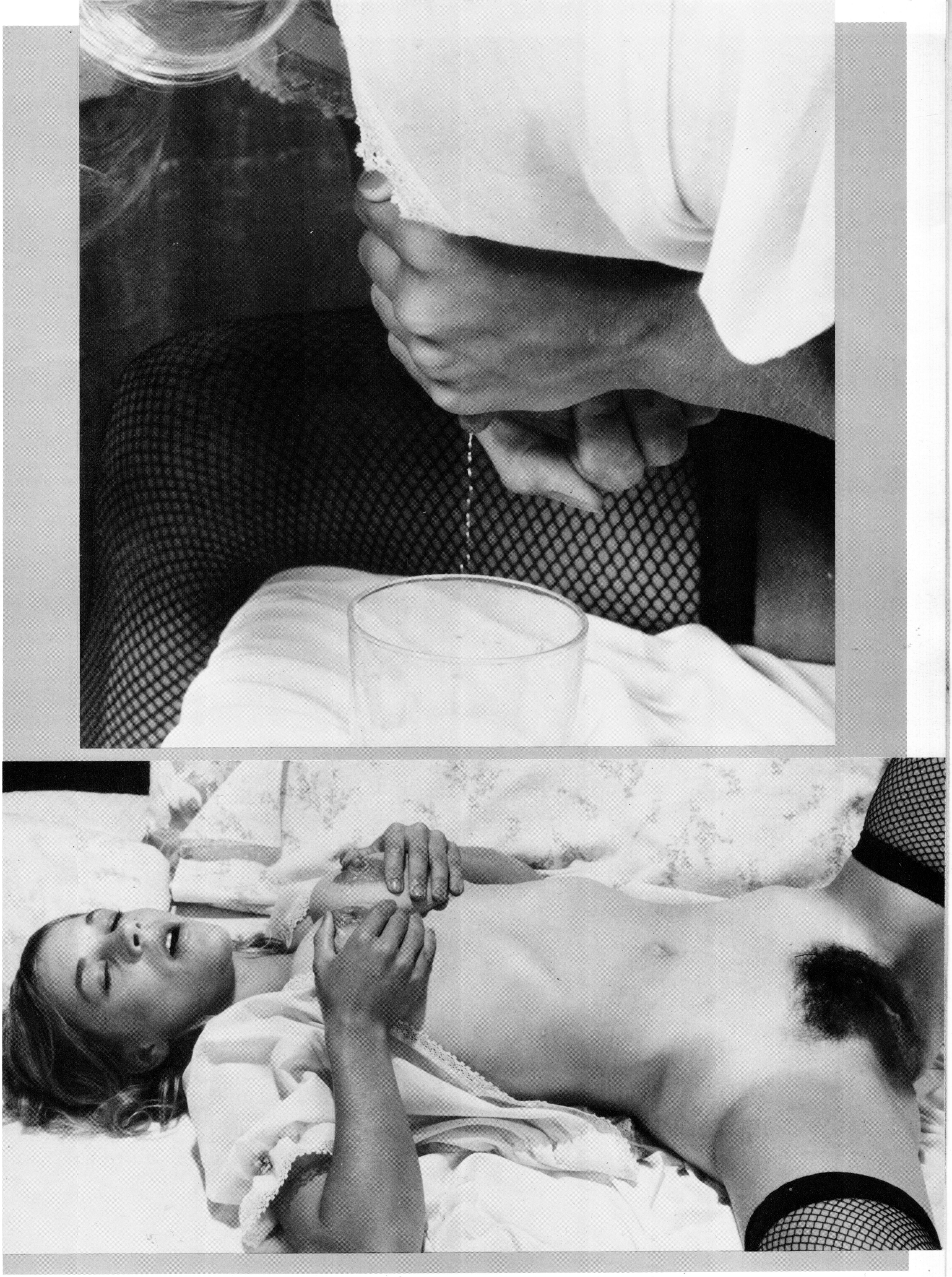
As I continued to watch in amazement Nanci sent volley after volley of sticky streams in ten different directions. At times she didn't even seem to care where she aimed. It was all going to come out perfect in the end. Finally there was one last burst and the crowd went crazy. I found myself applauding and stamping my feet and I never thought I would be doing something like that for little, dumb Nanci in a million years.

For the rest of the party I stood in the corner. All my previous excitement had drained away and I couldn't even get in the mood to model my scanty bikini. Sure, I had a foxy body but could I squirt a couple of quarts of milk twenty feet up in the air? That was a question that was going to nag me for a long time to come.

That night it was almost impossible for me to sleep. There was so much to do and think about. Was

I going to be upstaged by little Nanci? That was on my mind when morning finally rolled around.

For a little while I continued to be moody, then abruptly I changed my attitude. I had everything going for me, why was I so damn blue. Right away I stood before my full-length mirror in the nude. My foxy body glowed right back at me and I turned around and around to make sure everything was working in the way that I liked. "Well, it's time to do it!" I exclaimed to myself. Of course I knew exactly what I had to do. This was the morning that I was going to out-squirt



the best breast beaters in the country.

Since I had never tried anything like that before I did have a certain anxiety. Even so I was determined to give it a try. Unless I got to squeezing, nothing was going to happen. I wasn't the type to give up before I had even started.

Slowly I pressed against my full right breast. Nothing happened and a cold chill went down my spine. Was I fooling myself? Did little Nanci have something which I would never possess? Closing my eyes I tried again. There was a sound of something sweeping through the air. By the time I opened my eyes it was gone. Had I accomplished my first squirt, I wondered. There was only one way to find out. I had to try it again and this time with my eyes wide open.

With a new determination I grabbed both breasts. Wow! There was a stream that almost knocked me off my feet. I did it again and the results were even more spectacular. I only wished that the crowd who had applauded Nanci was standing before me at that moment. I would have shown them something they would never forget.

Now I was really getting excited. Not only could I squirt but I could send that sticky stream in any direction I wanted. This was good news because with this kind of ability I would be a hit at any party I might attend in the future. I could hardly wait for someone to go away on a vacation because then I would put on a show they would never forget.

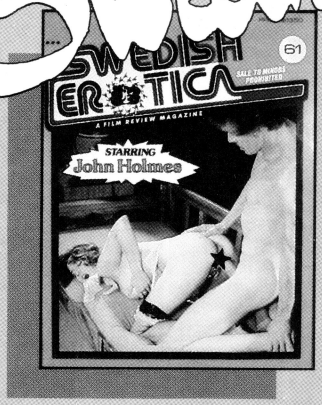
For the next couple of days no one called. I wasn't going to wait any longer. The world was going to get a spectacular show whether it wanted it or not! I could feel the milk filling up inside my cute cones. That was the first time I had ever experienced something like that. Obviously my body was telling me something and I couldn't ignore the signs any longer.

Several places came to mind for my first performance. There was always the corner supermarket. I could suddenly let loose and have the place in an uproar. But would that be a good idea? I didn't want to come off as a nut. This

was a talent that deserved a lot of respect. It would be much better if I calmed down and waited for a party to come on the horizon.

And then it happened. Of all things it was a surprise party for Nanci! That little bitch was really going to get a surprise this time. I was all ready to squirt myself silly. If she tried the same thing I would train my ready supply of milk right on her and she would have to admit defeat.

Swedish Erotica Bonanza



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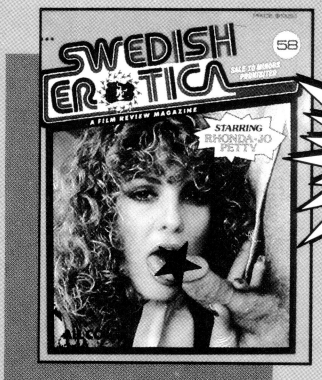

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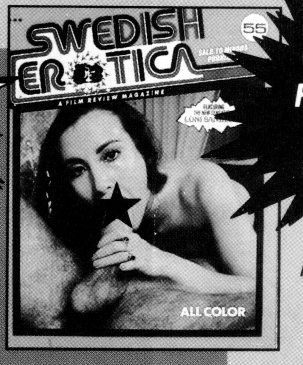

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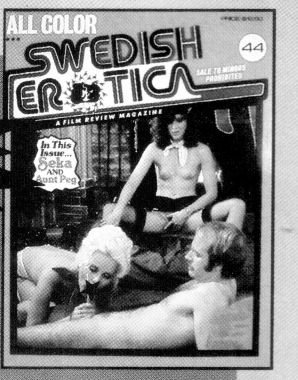

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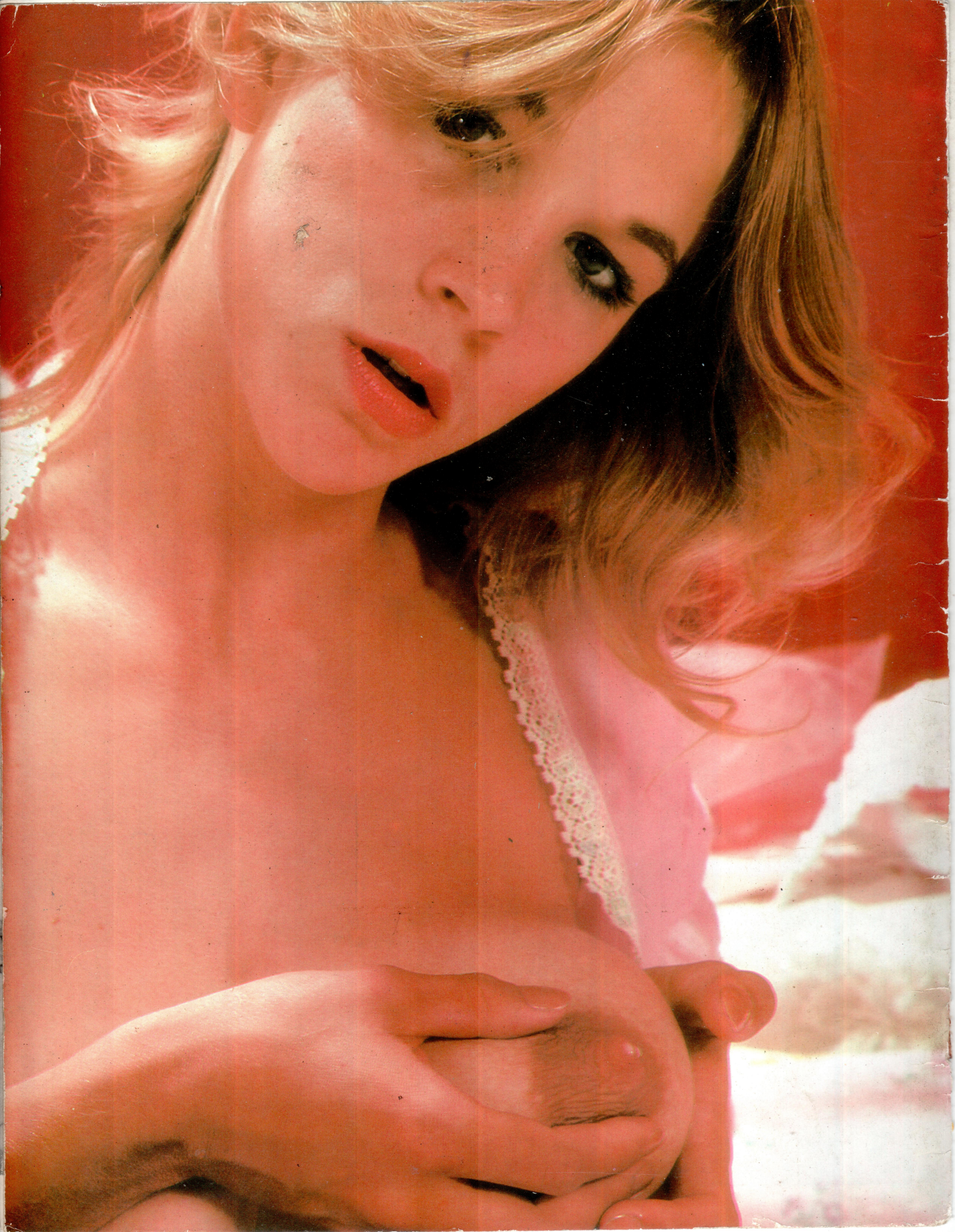
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